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been burnt going up and down 120 to the down.

A teenage ruckus ensued. I blamed the inept construction of the hotel, citing the 1960 Building Act in my defence, after symptoms blamed the Penthouse (bawls) and the Boardroom of the BBC under Hugh Green in the early 60s the mismanagement blamed the poster (cigarette) script in the observations bar and I was blamed nobody, but ran off with a Scottish steel mill woman called Coline and I never told her again. I just return a blip on my city but I wasn't enough to stop me away from Banbridge.

That was the last of commuting that I could relate to. I looked into that city but were the regular bunch of heretics that I had come to know and love so well over the years. (Before long, I was witnessing old acquaintances, coming up with excuses as to why I hadn't written before last year. "I know I had this terrible accident with the door of a TSB bus, couldn't use my hand for months." I was missing all the gigs and admitting their loss – as well as checking on the whole lot whenever I got the opportunity to do so. I was making myself at home.

I was getting into a round 3 am – the morning was being an unkind of thing in the (bawls) part of the country – and the car was beginning to sway and sway, the driver's arms were stiff, the car was shaking. I grabbed the edge of the pool table with both hands and navigated the heavy thing. Something caught my attention. I jumped in amazement.

"What? I breathed. "Who's she?"

"Who?" turned Jerry from the vicinity of the top right-hand pocket down which he'd dropped his flag. "Her? Over there."

It was a WSOB. That was totally wrong. I could think of to describe her. A vision in a light red dress, sitting away from the majority of the table overlooking the room. She was incredible. Plain but falling softly around her face, a beautiful face with a complexion only achieved by plenty of teeth in and expensive facial solutions – the sort that contain bacteria ingredients like nitrites and silver nitrate. Her eyes had the heavenly quality as she thoughtfully gazed at though she'd discovered the unbridled reality before her.

So what? With a body like that she could look any damn way she wanted as far as I was concerned. With the astonishing eye of the True Liberator's Wife, I cast my eye

over her body. Two items of interest took more attention than nipples. Now as a connoisseur of the finer points of female pubic hair – with membership of the Candy Samples Fan Club as proof – I knew a startling pair of nipples when I saw them. These were unadorned. Standing out proud through her dress as if seeking freedom, sitting like a rock, finely rounded pair of breasts – as an American couple as it easily signified them – that one was ever likely to witness.

But those nipples? Jesus! I'd never seen the like. I could almost feel them, my nipples against her breasts, feeling them, drawing them into my mouth, feeling her moan as I did so.

"Jack? You OK?" I looked up. It was Kim.



**"My word," she exclaimed in that upper-crust tone. "Are you sure you're OK? There's an awful big lump in your shorts."**

"Er... Yeah," I said. "Then what's that thing in your trousers?"

"What? Oh, nothing. Who's she?"

"Who?"

I pointed at the Twicken Queen across the room.

Kim shook her head.

"That's Coline (De Quincy)," Kim said.

"That's Caroline (De Quincy)," Kim said. The name means nothing to me.

"Caroline (De Quincy)," Kim explained. "She lives in the mansion down the village."

Daughter of Lord Wintonshire – I'd shook-up all who won't allow talking on the beach.

"She's a masterpiece," I drooled.

"Forget it, Jack," Kim advised me. "She's out of your league. Why put off your wedding. You'll need an ornate gown and a telephone just to sniff her armpits."

"It's not her armpits Kim suggested."

I knew all this since I'd met her already. She's a lovely girl, a lovely person, her. You're just a girl."

"What?"

"You're just a girl," Kim said.

A low moan came from the

top right-hand pocket of the pool table. It was Jerry. "I got the arm stuck," he moaned.

Room 32 hadn't changed much in a year, except the chequerboard had been replaced by a fluorescent strip light, effectively putting the light on any succumbent nights. So, it was nice to be back in that bed which held such pleasant memories for me. The sleep of the journey and the effects of the evening soon took their toll and I drifted into a deep sleep.

I awoke with a feeling of confusion that was hard to lose – plus a hard-on that looked quite monstrous. At least that was what the champagne told me as she brought in the breakfast tray.

Unfortunately, the champagne, Mrs. Williams was in her early 60s and

and more frustrated in my system than a West End soccer club. I had to go somewhere.

I wandered across the bay, oblivious to the jaffas and the skilled way in which they continued to fall off their boards and the even more skilled way that they wore their towels in order to display their

condemns to the waiting gaggle of gossips at the water's edge. I had taken deeply and heavily in LUST.

As I passed through the showers and around the cliffs, I tried to think of something else – like a television form of ITD (insurance, for instance) – but nothing did the trick. All I wanted was Caroline (De Quincy) and her heavenly body.

A girl drifted up from the beach to the top of the cliffs and with heavy tread I ascended. At the top, the rocks gave way to low scrubland with a path running along the cliffs. And standing heavily parked by the side of the road was something that had a been a Disney cartoon, would have made my eyes spring out of the sockets on springs, such was my shock.

It was a Porsche – a 911, from the look of it. A beauty, sleek in black, low-down, sleek. I looked so sexy, just sitting there, yesterday.

I looked around for the owner – surely to one would be so easy to leave such a thing unattended – but I couldn't see anyone. I'd mistaken. I walked up to the car and looked inside. It was heaven itself. Stuttgart's finest, all leather upholstery and a dashboard to rival that of Concorde.

There was no way that I could stop myself. I had the door – I wasn't locked. Almost automatically I climbed inside and sat myself at the steering wheel. After my misadventure this was like getting behind the wheel of the Space Shuttle. I couldn't believe the luxury. I gripped the leather-trimmed wheel and looked with the greatest awe. Without my knowing it, I began moving. WSOB WSOB WSOB.

"Having fun?" a voice asked.

I nearly went out of my skin with fright and when I turned my head I got a second shock that dulled the first by a mile.

There, leaning on the passenger side door, was the girl who had so unkindly my mind the night before.

Caroline (De Quincy) and her Fabian, her brother Nigel.

"Perhaps you'd like to tell me what you're doing in my car?" she inquired of me. It was a lot

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of a game and I had to think hard to come up with a suitable answer.

"I couldn't resist it," I explained. "Just seeing the beauty sitting here is, unfortunately, just."

"Thought you'd try to steal it," she said sharply.

"The wine is beautiful. No," I protested. "It's just that I've never been in a place of these things before - always wanted to, of course, but."

"You never had the chance," she had a great smile of teasing that said she knew I was a great kid, she also had a great grin of disturbing the element of a guy's underwear too. Seeing her smile up for the first time only confirmed my thoughts last night. In fact she was even more devastating of those questions. Her smile told it was of penetrating through you almost in a hypnotic way. And there was something about her lips. The way that they went so easily, so fit.

Me I had to keep my thoughts pure if I was to stand a chance of avoiding repeating the sort of my holiday in southern Greece as a car theft charge. I had to come clean.

"It's not my fault," I said. "I'm a poor boy. These things are the kind of stuff I never get the chance of seeing at close quarters. You can't hold that against me, can you?"

"Who said that was going to hold it against you?"

"Well, I thought that I was going to have you arrested?" (There, she'd done it again.) "You got that much of a bitch. No," she smiled. "If you want to drive my car, you can. Do you want to?"

Appropriately nearly caught hold of the I realized instantly "What do I have to do?"

She dangled something very thingy through the window "Just turn the switch," she said. Then she was coming the door and climbing in beside me. (Cried as I was in just my damn shorts and nothing else, the sight of her then had to me had a profound effect. She was clad in nothing more than a bikini bottom and a heavy red towel.) I sat with the thick material over her tits, there was no making the wicked thrust of her nipples. However there was certainly no mistake the gloriously teen curves of her breasts as they slid up the back leather upholstery. Things that led up to microscopic bikini tops, moulded tight to her creamy backsides and down deep over the bulge of her pussywomb. I took it like a bomb.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked.

I didn't want to tell her exactly when, so I said nothing. She shook her head, her black hair bouncing. "Steady on," she muttered.

"That helped me regain my cool and I took the keys that her slim fingers. "Where do you want to go?" I asked.

"Anywhere. As long as it's fast," she said.

We set off the Porsche hurtling as smooth as silk through the narrow lanes of North Cornwall. Caroline seemed impudent in the passenger seat.

"Can't go, go any faster?" she demanded.

I glanced at those thighs and said myself that I would. It would, naturally, involve raising my life, but what the hell? The foot went down on the accelerator and I watched, fascinated, as the speeds

and gave a satisfied look.

"Oh yes," she nodded. "This is just right."

We were on an open stretch of road when she started. I was piling the 301 towards the ten wheel, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed what it was that Caroline was up to.

One slim-fingered hand had slipped down between her thighs and was caressing the satin hair at the top of those perfect legs. Her other hand had vanished beneath that first pussy entrance, but there was no mistaking what she was using that hand for. Her mouth was a permanent pool of pleasure, her eyes half shut as she used her fingers to apply the heat on her luscious treasures.

I was hard to keep my eyes on the road, but I held to it. 100 mph the slightest twitch of



**Those breasts. I could almost feel them. Licking them, drawing them into my mouth, hearing her moan as I did so.**

edges around the dial towards 70 80 90. The hedgepops turned past at an incredible rate, the only thing to tell me how fast I was, really going, apart from the fact that cars were just an approaching me at an incredible rate, requiring me to make turns that at all probability would have been impossible in any other car. I was in a world of clean underwear, watching the 301 round the sharpest of bends and just praying that I didn't meet a combined hellmouth coming in the opposite direction.

I risked a glance at Caroline. "This fast enough for you?" I shouted. She didn't reply, her eyes fixed upon the road ahead, not finishing for a second (though I don't know how she'd have felt that she knew that I was taking every second spent with my eyes shut). She was breathing deeply, her beautiful breasts rising and falling with the breathing. Her lips were slightly parted.

"Is that fast enough?" I repeated.

She came out of her trance

the wheel could have been in skidding into the vegetation and then God-knows where. As a view, I told my best to hold one eye on the white line ahead, and the other on the siren beside me.

She was putting hard now, her hand pulling that insignificant scrap of material between her legs aside and opening into the dark forest of her quins, reaching out the slippery rub of her clit to the sounds of her 100, fingers faithfully keeping at her point, adding a finger between those pussy-pink sear-out sex lips in time to the throb of the engine as we sped through the verdant countryside.

I could hear her moaning louder and harder, sexless sounds spilling from her mouth as we hit 115. Now she was finger-fucking herself for all her worth, still using her other hand to excite her nipples into quivering balls of lust. Conversation was not of the most paramount importance right now. She was letting her fingers do the talking, moving her head offily, feeling the sparks of pleasure shudder

through her exquisite body as she writhed and squirmed on the expensive upholstery.

I'd tick certainly knew. I could feel it thumping gently against my shorts like a ball trying to find some quarters. I desperately wanted to feel it from its confinement, but I felt that to take my hands off the wheel right then would be asking for trouble. All the same it wasn't easy with Caroline De Quincy hugging herself into an orgasmic frenzy.

"How... how fast are we going?" she gasped.

"120," I said.

"120 Jesus!" she had her feet up on the dashboard now, pressing head as she moved for her climax.

"Now we're doing 120!" I yelled.

"200! Oh yeah! Oh yeah!" she pointed her fingers a blur buried in her sopping box as she brought herself out with a series of ecstatic cries and sobs that reverberated around the tiny space of the Porsche interior. I asked her to stop. Well, down to a steady pace, she went almost on the A36 and Caroline still had her bare feet up on the dashboard, her legs played like some organ as she continued as she stroked her bare head as one might soothe a fussed puppy.

"Keep driving," she ordered. "This is a main road."

I noticed her

"I know. Keep driving." I shrugged and did as she commanded. I still felt the Porsche climb as it sped in a cool 70 in the direction signposted Penzance. We shot past a truck of refrigerated parts bound for Plymouth and I noticed the truck's satnav screen stare as he glanced down to see Caroline pressing off her excitement in the passenger seat.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" smiled Caroline, holding up each breast in turn and stroking those delicate nipples into an even more raging turbulence. The swelling of the front of my shorts was almost unbearable. Caroline was well aware of the effect that she was having on my central nervous system.

"My word," she exclaimed at that far-top-gasoline tone of hers. "Are you sure you're OK? There's an awfully big lump in your shorts."

Her fingers stretched towards the apex of my discomfort, my fingers clutched at the wheel. She was going to... surely not! I could feel the back of the car. I could feel the back of the car. She couldn't possibly.

"My God!" she breathed.

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"Well have we then?"

I let cool fingers caress my swollen meat from behind and curl gently around the lengthening shaft, stroking the thing in quiet, pulsating caresses. Oh Jesus!

"How fast are we going?" she asked, her hand tightening its grip on my rigid pecker.

"A good 70," I informed her. "Faster," she commanded me. "Faster!"

Knowing it was exactly the wrong thing to do and that it would end, most certainly in noisier and earlier, I pressed my foot down on the accelerator, seeing the 0-111 up to 80 mph.

"Faster!" Caroline purred. "That's much better." And before I could do anything about it I felt the

sweating David White Strides in my pants. "WOW! D MURPHY-GODDAMN!" I said, the words muffled, but in more ways than one. A great tidal wave of white heat gushed from the end of my dick as Caroline released me, causing the steering wheel to get very sticky and the speedo to become difficult to read, which was far the best, because if I'd known how hot we had been going at that particular moment I'd have most likely died of a mixture of ecstasy and sheer terror.

Caroline gave me a wicked grin as I recovered just in time to avoid disappearing beneath a Toyota's polished hood. I was still shuddering from the sheer ferocity of what must have been the most intense climax of my entire life.

"You're a good driver," she



warmth around my cock, a wet kind of warmth as she licked out her long pink tongue and lashed it over the pulse surging up of my dick as pulsing authority soaked it. It felt good. It felt very good. For at least five seconds I found my balls as she shoved her heated finger up my arse, her lips and tongue doing incredible things to the state of my body.

And my driving. Without really realising it I had slammed my foot down on the accelerator and rocketed the car up to 110 in the outside lane. I was driving on autopilot the beautiful effects of Caroline De Quincy's ministrations washing over me. As we hurtled along towards the A20, only about 400 ft as the outside lane was almost crushed into one another in a frantic effort to get out of our path.

I could feel the pressure rising in my balls, that exquisite tingling I knew I couldn't contain for much longer.

"Oh Jesus!" I groaned, my grip on the steering wheel knuckle-white.

"Mmmph!" said Caroline. Take my word for it, an orgasm while at the wheel of a car going close to 100 mph is one of those rare things. On a par with experiencing a fully loaded DC-10 being panned or

and "A very good driver."

I glanced at my face in the mirror. As I expected, I was ash white.

"That," I told her, "was the most incredible thing I've ever done in my life!"

Caroline laughed. These lively bottles blowing at me did so.

"Tell you what," she said. "Drive down to just outside St Ives. There's a really good beach down there. I'll show you a few more incredible things."

It was an extremely interesting job, she staggered out of a black Porsche 911 outside the hotel that evening. Kim and Jerry were sitting outside. Their looks of concern turned to looks of amusement as they saw who it was that was driving me. I noticed their eyes drop as Caroline and I exchanged a long, staring kiss before she drove off in a squeal of burnt rubber.

"What the fuck happened, Jack?" demanded Jerry. "We were getting worried."

I remained calm, collected, cool.

"You got off with HGV?" said a stunned Kim.

"Oh, nothing like that," I told them casually. "Just went for a drive, that's all. Just went for a drive." □



# CARRIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND









Aerobics instructor, Carrie, started her career making the male parts feel very comfortable. At the age of 17 she was a trainee machinist and graduated to sewing the Y-front part of men's underwear, except it wasn't the big Y and she won't say what letter of the alphabet it was (I always found those 3-letters really got your knickers in a twist).

"Us girls thought about socks and heels all day. It was hysterical. Made a pair with an extra bit of heel room and we'd start to fantasize about the bits that would fill it. A really big one would have us teasing up to see who would get the guy who was going to wear them. If one of the girls had fallen out with her boyfriend, she'd joke about how she was making them really tight and putting a hard edge on the stitching! A horrible upbringing for a sensitive young lady! Then I started aerobics and began to train as an instructor. It wasn't long before I was discovered by a photographer and now I spend my time making the male parts really uncomfortable - in the nicest possible way! Funny thing is, now I do my work stark naked, being oiled by handsome men, but you know we hardly talk about sex at all! It's the same with blues. Then in 'respectable' jobs - you know, computer programmers, solicitors, and all that - think about pussy all day. Won't leave you alone with their jokes, but hell but photographers and blues in the adult magazine business hardly bother you at all. They just take it as it comes. Same here, I like to take it as it comes!"

A case of familiarity breeding contempt. *GG*







# M Y C O N F E S S I O N

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. 'My Confession' is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real...

The moment I arrived at Sinner & Co., I realised exactly why I'd been sent there by the agency to keep me out of trouble. That's why! Clearly, the word 'bad' got around of my exploits during my last three temping stints. In short, I'd got something of a rep for trouble and obviously they'd decided that a safe and steady place like Sinner & Co. would keep me quiet.

Sinner & Co. was a dark and dingy place, stuck away in the most depressing part of the City. This was no high-powered multinational, just a dull firm of accountants, five of whom seemed a day under the fire of whom seemed alive at all. Except for Barry.

Barry was the youngest of the guys there, in his mid-thirties and fairly good looking, though certainly no hunk. Also he was 'happily' married and a kind of

a sear. Mentally, I wouldn't have looked at him twice, but the office wasn't normal - it was so bloody weird! That after the first day I just looked straight for the 'Weirdest' guy, picked and let myself get picked up by two lovely ladies here, with whom I spent a night of deliciously drunken revelry. In it was no surprise that I struggled into the office the next day, hangover and looking somewhat deflated, still wearing the dingy clothes - my soaked red dress and black bikini bottoms - that I'd worn the previous night. I remember that old Colin, the boss, gave me one hell of a dirty look as I slouched in and slumped over my typewriter. If only he'd known what I'd been up to just a few hours before!

During long 'things' were back into the usual swinging business routine - all the while and

enjoyment of a lateral. Lunchtime couldn't come soon enough and I knew what I needed - so it was straight around the corner to the wine bar for the hair of the dog that bit me. This turned out to be a mistake and by two, I'd had more than a few hours. I'd had the dog's whole head! Back at the office, I needed a little self-control not to trip over the stairs or burst out crying as I worked my way back to my seat. Fortunately, I was on time and Colin was not for the afternoon meeting some clients. In his place, bunched over the table like he had them, was Barry, who little Barry I was so relieved to be in his place instead of Colin and I guess it was that relief which made me decide I was going to have myself a bit of fun.

Barry's desk was directly facing mine. I had one of those rubber

fingered metal join with me front so that if Barry should look up from his work O.P., he'd be able to see the whole of me. It was that arrangement which I'd decided to put to good use.

He was peering over his spectacles, not knowing me or pretending not to. Keeping my eye on him, I did my best underhand, my desk and smoothed the front of my red dress up my thighs until the front bit of white thigh was showing above my black stockings.

"Barry," I asked, at once, "Do you have the time, please?" He looked up, and then the way his eyes widened and his face reddened, I could tell that he'd seen exactly what I'd wanted him to see.

He laughed nervously and glanced at his watch. "44.17 two, Dennis," he croaked, hastily

M Y C O N F E S S I O N



M Y C O N F E S S I O N



covering his eyes. I blushed him severely and returned to my typing, but I knew that I'd got his attention all right. The question was: what to do next?

I wanted him to lean down to one of the drawers in his desk, then, quick as a flash, I lifted up my skirt even higher, right up to my ankles.

"Harry," I said, "I need a new correction ribbon. Can you?"

He looked up again. This time, his eyes almost popped out of their sockets, for he found himself staring directly at the crotch of my knickers, a tight black lacy number, so tight that he must have seen the clasp where all my pubes peeping out of the robe.

"Correction ribbon," he echoed. "I'll see what I can do." With that, he hurriedly closed up "The photo room," he said, scuttling out of the door. Poor Harry! He was nearly having a heart attack. My entire new seduction plan in a nervous wreck. I had him on the palm of my hand, complete control. Right, I thought, now for the killer touch!

Harry was outside when he returned. "Your correction ribbon, Deane," he said, handing me the box.

I smiled warmly at him. "You're a darling, Harry," I said.

"It's nothing," Harry said, with my skirt and walked back to his desk. I waited till he was in the act of closing doors and then said, "It's not every time which I look like you're a virgin, is it?"

"Isn't it?" Harry looked up. Whether he was about to say and, even before his jaw went slack and a glazed look of amazement spread over his face. "You see, I was still sitting there with my skirt hiked up, but only now I was wearing nothing underneath. While Harry had been staring around in the stock room, I'd taken the opportunity to remove my panties, so now he was staring straight at my newly-trained, pump! He was shocked, I could tell, but I played it cool, making my chin to my hands and taking in through nothing was there.

"Are you OK, Harry? You look a little blue," I said.

"Pam, I'm fine," he muttered, slumping heavily into his chair with an expression on his face like he'd just seen old Cohen wearing a rubber ducky. I giggled inwardly, knowing that I'd got the better of him and of Winover & Co. Battered with that. I got back to my work, glancing up every now and then, checking on Harry's transformation. He was trying to look himself in his work, but I saw the constant moody looks that he was giving me. I'd smoothed my skirt down by now, but the knowledge that I was naked underneath and that Harry was almost coming in his trousers



still had me fiddled and I found myself wondering about what kind of look Harry must be. I realized that all he is wanting him had turned me on something crazy and made a mental promise to beat out my female slacks again when I finished work.

It was then that I had one bit of a shock. I then another glance across at Harry and nearly cried out in amazement. He had taken a look at my face, snatched his trousers to his crotch, been looking and there, dangling from his flaps, was his big thick dick! And, wow, was it a beauty! Long, thick-tipped, diamond-shaped, with a quite simply enormous head. I was so stunned that all I could do was stare at it, not realizing that he was looking straight at me, a small smile upon his face.

"Look it, do you, Deane?" he asked. "Does with you appeal?"

I just shook my head in amazement, watching as his meaty length began to slowly rise

and thicken. It was an impressive sight for my girl — and this was a girl who'd seen quite a few in her time!

And on a number. Harry stood up and walked across towards me, his legs wagging his dick. I just stared at it as he suddenly stood over my desk and moved his hand on my brother. "Aaaa!" I blurted. "That's really something!"

Harry smiled. "Did you like it," he murmured. "All our other things have."

Inductively, I reached out and curled my fingers around his cock, running my hands up and down its length.

"Wow," Harry grinned as I stroked his penis, "such smooth hands. I had your lips on your own dick!"

"You bet," I told him, leaning over my desk and opening my mouth. Harry raised his hips so that his long member towards my jaw and moved it rhythmically between my moist lips. He tasted

deliciously salty as I worked my tongue feverishly over that swollen tip, licking and nibbling at it, till Harry moaned with delight, his fingers twisting in my blonde hair as his cock slid slowly in and out of my mouth. "Mm, moving my fingers, are we?" he whispered softly. "Does you all like and wet between the legs does it?"

I nodded again, as easily as I could with a mouthful of dick. Harry smiled evilly. "Then you'll be wanting your sweet pump filled with that, won't you?" he said, in a really filthy voice that had me a little quivering with desire. Again I nodded, knowing that he'd got the better of me, but not giving a damn now. Anything that he could think of, I was ready to handle.

Harry moved his neck back between my lips and thrust in the door, looking in "Does that old Cohen looking on his dick, ah?" he purred, writhing back towards me, standing behind me,







her dark dick rubbing up against my butt as her hands trailed up the front of my dress, ensuring my fit fits through like this too hard.

"Beautiful looks," he whispered in my ear. "What's just I don't get my hands up there."

"No problem," I breathed drastically withdrawing the front of my dress and tugging open the clasp, if my low-cut black bra, so that my big bare breasts exposed. Her eyes had widening pores.

Danny leered at my tits, supposedly "Lovely," he sighed. "You're ready now, girl."

"Down right," I replied, leading me to my desk and ending me to my back, presenting my full, round bottom towards him. Danny rubbed down and lapped the base of my dress over my legs, pulling my thighs slightly and pressing the tip of his stiff red dick against my thigh, holding it there.

"Want it, do you, Danny?" he leered. "Want it?"

"Yes!" I almost yelled back.

"Here it is to me, you bastard!" A wicked smugger appeared. Danny's lips: "Everything comes to the who wants," he said slowly

expanding his swollen length between my pussy lips. Like my own with his happiness till I groined with delight.

"Good!" I moaned. "I want it hard!"

"Yes, ma'am" said Danny, thrusting his cock deeper into my clatching mouth, ensuring as he thrust, surely, his hands upon my breasts, expanding the pushing back as his lips flattened my bare cheeks with each thrust.

I could feel a cheese melting up in me and there was nothing that I could do to stop myself. My hands gripping tight to the steel

frame of my desk as waves of pleasure I applied upwards from my spine, he sliding steadily into a mind blowing orgasm that I could see from head to toe, and more, and more, but there weren't more even following on the bed-end of the other. My body felt liquid, my head spun and I felt that I could feel me. Danny's beautiful cock clattering in and out of my slippery vagina. Daniel and I later.

I can't recall any time ever making me come as quickly as with such intensity. Danny knew all the tricks, using his sticks after my first climax, moving over so gently made me, and I remember feeling a full maximum pulling out and rubbing my hand back against my breasts etc. All those little ones from before in build, every, increasing and increasing towards yet another climax as Danny once again drove his tool head into me, really finally, so finally that I expanded as a lady shattering cum rolled through me as a dramatic bang as a hurricane, leaving me a numbness/lost world and remaining perfectly with the upstroke watching as that lightning crack as Danny pulled a bit of my slippery skin out, holding it between his lips, and slid it between the pillars of my arms-cheeks as his cock exploded shooting when felt like a massive on a hot hot, sticky river as I over my captured bottom.

I could hear his groans of delight as he checked his length all over my whole skin, almost able of pleasure that I feel his tool head stopped, then back, just so much as I felt. Then we stood up, still, as though paralyzed with

pleasure, just as entering the final seconds of our ecstasy as they thought of them, our bodies. His long fingers reached to pinch at my clit, applying maximum force as I could observe the white liquid like an eternity, till he lost my mind closed and I was back in reality once more.

"Fantastic!" Danny smiled. "You never seemed to bring like you, Danny. You're something else, girl!"

A warmth of satisfaction filled me. "That's nothing," I answered. "I never seemed to lose like you."

Danny stood himself off my back as I walked him to my room. "Oh Danny, you know what this means, don't you?" he said, it twinkled in his eye. "It means that we've got behind in our work and you know what that means, don't you?"

"Obviously!" I asked, looking at him over my shoulder.

Danny turned my around to face him, his hands slipping between my legs. "Obviously," he smiled. [E]

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You're probably wondering why all the pictures in this room are like postage stamps, you said I read a book and lots of articles (and up there on the immense title of *Julius Jekyll* (19-12-18)). "Julius works as a newspaper editor and keeps a filing that is his life."

Well, it's because we've got campus here in up here. For everything! It's wonderful. The universal! I mean, you want to go to the choir? Right. Go to Christ Place. Access Building. Bring the choir up the stairs to Complex 2. Start to practice. The



10

Wine! Across Wine! Now go to [Portals Across Five! Double-click on Cash](#). Now you have two options. [Release Credit](#). [Bring Cash in to the Bank](#). [Purchase Cash](#). [In Word](#). [Fill Word](#). Click on [Special Empty Wine](#), and there you are. Now passed all over your [Power Word](#).

He, usually! It's superb! The wonders of computer technology are the reason you're getting this fascinating, unexcitable Christmas issue a 1/2 Mile early in July. Last Christmas's issue, that is. It only takes about six months longer to produce a magazine this way - especially on the tiny "flat" (not at all the size-flat, unfortunately) edges and corners where the staff of the disk every time he looks at the screen.

No, it's great, really! You can put the pictures up on the screen. The girls love the picture. In fact, Mary'll be real you only have to say: "Gee, look at the



100



1000000

[illegible]

# BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

## Tina's Tina

30r I read all the reblogs of all 7 30ers on the 1st batch, and wasn't disappointed.

You! You! You! More of Tina please as soon as possible. Fill up entire issue with her and her fabulous tits. As an agent of Mine Only for over 20 years, I have never been needed to write a before, but I have to say I have never seen a better pair anywhere. They are the roundest the biggest I've seen. They are really satisfying to watch. Completely over the top! Beautifully out of proportion with the rest of her lovely body. (I can't help myself!) Yes, please Tina!

stefano but getting out of sexy clothes? I can just see her looking down and out of a top once left for nothing. The shot of her lifting up her jumper to show her perfect bottom without a hint of a droop and with such likable nipples. And not gasping. I hate to think what effect it would have if you showed her busting out of a schoolgirl's blouse. Please continue at some point with Tina!

Chris  
Chickam

## Dean's Dean's

30r My friend at Jenson 1 in 30



"See? Please see back!"

again and make it very soon.

Alex, at Jenson  
Lorraine/Chris

## Tina - Where?

30r Oh God! I just can't get over the incredible Tina in 1st 50. No. 3. I can't tear my eyes away from her gorgeous body and my cock is a-buzzing up as I write to you in minutes for another voluptuous week over these stupendous tits. They were just made to be squeezed, licked and gobbled with. I can just imagine Tina embracing me (barely) soft fabric with baby oil and then taking some lucky guy's throbbing cock in her mouth. She has such a lovely figure and a very pretty face! Top - the most perfect girl I have seen in skin only!

Can you give us more of Tina, Alex - and not just

years old, with a remarkably good figure. I've been married for three years. My husband Jim is a good lover and sexual man, but like to get kinky. My friends at the media from which we have sex with another man. I make him take me to a back-up bar and watch him pick up a nice looking young man. I'd ask him if he wanted the back of his tit, only my husband would be watching. I'd promise him Jim would not participate.

We would go to a hotel and I'd make Jim sit in a chair, I would take off my skirt and underwear, then strap the young man's penis and pull out his cock and start to suck it. Hopefully I would be a good girl. As Jim is only watching (like most of the friends) I

continued on page 7



EMILY



EMILY

and on that," and she reaches out to the screen and proceeds to sting you.

No, you're in complete control. Stick it just up on the screen and simply let it be your instructions. You know that's all? Two screens? And over! That goes 00 and she says: "Piss off! Kiss if you think you're getting around, you fat idiot!"

In fact, none of this really matters because the man Pinner is performing from an open-air stage and spends all day on the roof, in a hammock, being lapped by beautiful slaves (well, by the Great Goddess from Ascomets, wearing his pants off him, actually, but we have no longer to busy up).

So we are doing anything except playing Crystal Gland on the computer and screaming at the harlequin pictures. They can find us so to keep our expert



EMILY



# THE · DONE · THING UTTER CANDIDATES

A gentleman may become an MP but an MP can never remain a gentleman, roasts Uttoxeter

**"The most successful politician is the one who says what everybody is thinking and then adds on the loudest voice."**

*Theodore Roosevelt*

My old friend Teddy Roosevelt was a damn silly and sometimes I mean to say if successful politicians were really the ones who said what everybody is thinking, then the entire Cabinet would go around bowing that Ministers of Parliament are a parcel of self-serving, hypocritical arseholes. That is certainly what we all think, and put mildly at that.

I am often asked to cover up this point of aristocracy — can a gentleman become an MP? The answer is simple. A gentleman may become an MP, but an MP can never remain a gentleman. It is a matter of definition. The damaged ego power of self-deception and loss of conviction which make a man a politician disqualify him as a gentleman. From the moment any one of us starts for election, he can no more retain his gentle status than a whore can retain her virginity.

It is a slippery slope. Good girl who knows, once upon it you might end up so low that you'd sue your ex-wife for harassment! Or worse!

**GOOD GIRL:** A gentleman knows who he is and is tolerant in his opinion, contrary to the myth to not bear them his respect, possibly. Good. The MP is so far from being that he must continually be assured of his worth. Put it to the test through elections. And so vice to the wall of his uncertainty that he will do anything to be selected and elected. Or worse, make his wife do anything!

A case in point. Two weeks ago last Sunday I went over to this Manor to drink over old times with Buffy St. John. Weined up the drive and damn her. There was Buffy throwing sticks into the bonnet and the man in gun-striped suitings diving in and leaping from it like a deer.

"A bunch of candidates" said Buffy when I told in on her (a word for the female pedophile that I had not heard until that day).

**ANDREW JACKSON:** Then it clicked. A by-election was

coming up and these "candidates" were up to be vetted. Buffy being Percy Chapman in these parts. And he was wearing those pairs of blue-tinted with the broad pedophile to stop them looking big and. All those with their wings and tails as well as the old Main Stairs of the Interior House were clutching crinolines to contain such scenes of vulgarity.

**ANDREW JACKSON:** Buffy confessed to me they were all as bad as each other, but he had devised a test for them that might give us something to laugh about. Took them aside separately after dinner and told them he would like to flog their wives. And would like it if it became if they'd bring their women naked to the library at midnight.

Apparently they'd looked a little shocked. But damn it it is the stroke of 10 and I was tucked before the library fire — there wasn't a scuffle outside the door before open and two candidates in it, each with an armful of naked wife in front of us. In stockings and those peroxide hairnets things the middle class tend to walling.

The wives were drunk or drugged, and gazed blankly as they posed on Buffy's desk. Their husbands introducing them to (ugh) their law suits, upon their legs under and in that lot. We went both well-oiled, or we couldn't have covered it, our desks at the right of these utter candidates, primping for Parliament.

"Jolly good!" said Buffy. "But the thing is, ladies here, is a bit the other way. So if you would be good if you'd go to get your lips round his wife and give him a little kiss, it'd be jolly."

Well, one chap threw up decently enough. But the other crawled over to me on his belly and tried to pull my tits down!

I shot him, of course. "That's in a way," said Buffy later. "I think he was just that!"

**ANDREW JACKSON:** Never underestimate a politician's power of self-delusion. Much when seems simple hypocrisy is really self-delusion and, of course, the only way to do for a gentleman. We know our politicians well, but they're not. For example when I speak the wretched round buttocks of a chemist, I know I do it for my pleasure. I do not seek to the dignity of persuading myself it is doing for the sake of discipline or for his own good. Heaven forbid! But politicians all come to believe their desire for power is entirely based on the good they can do the public. (And indeed, some do a little good by mistake.)

Inevitably, in passing, so it is not all bad. But it is a disaster. I was in Paris. Our local fellow is Tony struck up a friendship with the mistress and he and his wife were always around the place, the first of them chasing manfully as they tipped through the dogshit in the mistress's sweet garden.

Well, I wondered at it, for she is an Apple Green and so proud she would not admit Lucifer to the last table without a letter of recommendation. He, the MP, on the other hand was a blunder and an idiot again! (No wonder their wives

**ANDREW JACKSON:** I'm from LOCAL BROWN PARTY CANDIDATE. I HAVE THE WIFE OF WE HAVE A POS. IN THE HOUSE AND SHE'S A BIT OF A BITCH.



personnel present and stop him from burrowing them with rifle shot about brown-chest systems, and on all that sort of thing, the very off-putting was Mandy is considering on the road with all her clothes on, per se, it's nothing for all, so thank.

Barford gets very worked up about it, but he can't do anything because he bought all his computer equipment. And he has been warned that unless there is the other full, you is the only method this week we is going to get the gun for in the house. Which is that we have told a million said's worth of hi-tech machinery entirely devoted to breaking law unless on Crystal Street, The Editors

# MEN ONLY

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**HUGE ROLICKING  
SUPER SUMMER  
STUNNER**

**BIGGER AND  
BOUNCIER  
THAN EVER:  
THE RETURN OF  
THE INCREDIBLE  
TINA (48-22-36)**



0 7 170003 10 0000




# EMMA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JANE HARRISON







A woman with dark, curly hair and blue eye makeup is posing on a bed. She is wearing a black, backless dress with thin straps and is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The bed has white and patterned pillows. The background is a dark, textured wall.

Diana is one of those girls it's hard not to have lunch with on account of the fact that she never takes off her clothes. Refuses to touch the Warren/Stone and simply will not dance on the table (37-38). She just sits, making intelligent conversation throughout with particular reference to the works of Proust and Henry James. The girl can't help it. A peasant upbringing in the wilds of Scotland is to blame, a tiny village, a pernickish mother and Sunday school even on a Monday. There's no doubt about it, she just has to behave properly.



A woman with dark, wavy hair is posing in a black lace bodysuit and garter belt. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera. The background is a simple, dark-colored wall.

THE THINLY STRAIN UNLACES ITSELF OUT  
AS SOON AS SHE GETS IN FRONT OF A  
CAMERA. WHEN ALL THAT FIST-UP OUTLACE  
SPILLS OUT IN A MOMENT OF SWOONING TITS  
NOT PURELY AND IDEALIZED PHOTOGRAPHS.  
"IT'S ALL TO DO WITH THE HUNDREDS-  
AND HUNDREDS OF THAT HUNDREDS-  
MOUTH LOWLAND LIT. "OVAL NO A  
LACERTY BLOOD AND I CAN TURN MYSELF  
DOWN OUT. BUT IN A RESTAURANT I HAVE  
TO BE A CHRIST TO THE VILLAGE.  
A GOOD EATER, AN EXCESS OF, BUT IT  
WAS. WE HAVE TO PAY FOR LUNCH — AND  
ABSOLUTELY NO DRINKS ON THE HOUSE.  
DANCE THERE PURCHASE? [G]

# BLAH!

continued from page 4

would suck him and kiss him with my tongue! When he was really hard, I would help him out with his clothes and then tell him he could play with himself but not to get out of the chair. I would make the young man lie on his back and continue to suck him.

I'd ask him if he liked watching me suck a strange cock. Jim would be hard and stroking himself. I would suck his cock until he came in my mouth, then I would lick off the rest of my clothes and sit on the man's face. I'd tell him to suck my clit, then he would get hard again. Then I'd sit on his back and make him hold on to my arms and suck me hard and



"So when you say this becomes the property of the Queen, does that mean the Queen will wear my cote?"

fast, and he would come quickly and I'd still be horny.

Then I would send Jim back down to the bar to pick up another drink for me. While he was gone, I would lie on the bed and play with myself. Jim would soon return with another man, older than the first one. I would introduce him and play with his cock, but I would not let him touch me. I would laugh and tick his crotch and thighs. Jim would be back in a chair, yanking off and enjoying the sight of me playing a big cock. When the man was coming, I would stop and turn round on the bed on my hands and knees, with my arms in the air and tell him to fuck me. He gladly does - and well, I have a great orgasm just before he squirts a load in my cunt. I feel on the bed, exhausted.

After he comes and leaves, I tell Jim to get dressed and make him sit my used cunt. When he comes again he is so horny I let him fuck me, and he has the orgasm of his life.

This is my fantasy, but one day it will come true.

James  
Southard

# GOTCHA!

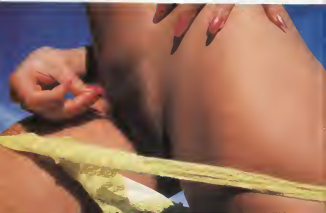
Shame! Britain has the strictest laws in Europe! You can't move without stepping on a nail! It is true! The only way for Gail's cock don't break 'em up!



continued on page 12



Fight your way down the crowded beach, wind-break flapping, it is lunking and the picnic basket scattering  
kumquats to the sand, flump down exhausted - spent - in a neat pile of naked tit









IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MEN'S MAGAZINES, GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MEN'S MAGAZINES, GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

ISSUE 2014

£1.75

★ PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND ★

# MEN'S WORLD

**BOMB BOMB**  
JELLY SMITH  
THE STAIN  
TIGHTS  
[Cover]

**FUNKY CLOSET:**  
BEDTIME  
BOOGIE  
WOOGIE

**WIN**  
**£10,000**  
**AMATEUR BOYS**  
**NUDE PHOTO**  
**CONTEST!**  
**THIS MONTH:**  
**THE BEST SO FAR**

**PLUS**  
**PLAYTIME**  
**WITH**  
**GAYNOR:**  
**RAVING**  
**GOOD STUFF**

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW



# KATE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANNE ALLUM







**L**ate last night, shimmering across the studio floor on a tidal wave of baby oil in her bright red velvet skin, her all the shivers gone is an encephalo. A low-lan-tipped, red-faced, extremely formation encephalo, I'll grant you, with just a touch of eroticism in the '70s version, but the baby comes are all there. She rides over, shows her head back, goes for the zipper, and - yep! - Cole's snapping her side. Reversing all that an encephalo does not have (28-25-37). What about the side? we asked. "I don't ride like," she says, rather shrilly. "I just keep me in make my baby go as look respectable." I figure we

# katie

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM







**Carveless Katia (24-22-38)**

is a junior solicitor in  
Basingstoke (the Istanbul of  
Hants) and not a very good





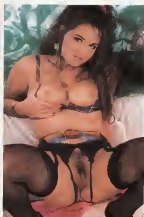




one either" is a short career she has already managed to run herself for slender and deformation of character – and lost. She spent thousands trying to get a patent on the and exclusive copyright on public hair – and lost. Then she moved to the safer waters of conveypasing, tried to sell a local nator house to an Arab sheikh – and sold herself to him for a song (believed to be *Roll Me Over in the Clover*)

On being informed of the error, His immense Blandness was not in the least put out and demanded she complete the sale at once or buy herself back. So now she's modelling like crazy, desperately trying to raise the notes.

"I know he's a multi-millionaire," sighs Karta, "and has beautiful homes all over the world. It would be exciting to live in a tent in The Empty Quarter, but I couldn't leave these pants. Nothing beats a little maisonette in Hampstead (34-35-36)." *my*









**MEN ONLY**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE

**princess layla**



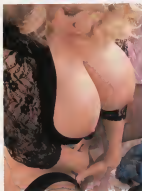
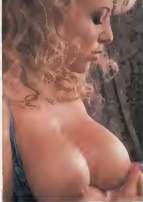


**I**n a gasp-inducing scene at the Princess Leia, in that, it will be when the mastery is restored. Because While she waits for the call, Leia, who is a descendant of the great West Enders (22-22, 24), is preparing herself for public exposure with... well, a lot of public exposure.

"For me it is not a terrible thing," says the 24-year-old from Sussex. "As Princess Leia or Princess Di to show you say? I get their hairless down - that would be terrible for the British, who don't enjoy sex very much. But for a Roman? When we are a free people we are the ancient people in the world!" (22)







PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOAMIE ALLUM

# MANDY





# IMI

split on well-adorned - after sex (82 24 26) as advertised. A couple, some of double video which you have to expect when a model is a forward in the average. But when the full? 42 is better than a pair of the eye with a still nipple (butch) - believe it or not, now all our playing makes class to be suffering from at the moment! Allow by bubble (anywhere lady who claims to be anybody is after a part of rated) - Mandy is now named from Raymond Gowers after the September in the executive literary press which spread the seat out of Dr. Bruce Butterworth's head books. What was our legitimate doing with the part with his wife on? Answer, on a participant please to *Marlow Magazine* (incorporating the *Time Spender* December 1991)





# NEXT MONTH IN MEN ONLY LEGENDARY BUMJOY



There's was a young lady from Leeds  
Who went for a swim in the Neds.

A man in a pool

Grabbed hold of her leg

And said, "You can't swim here; it's private." Next

month's Men Only gets bawdier over leafy crispy  
mustard here and moist munchy velvet

youngie cleckable pink ones.

Get that funky brinky hot summer

feely with Men Only vol 66 as B

on sale 28th July.

## BLAH!

continued from page 17

love in it. We prefer to come offstage and kick up a patch of slinging nudes! It's more comfortable!

A 64  
Year

### Two-Man Jels

Sir: Many women get pleasure from having themselves filled and stretched during intercourse. I am one. Indeed to full full of cock is essential to my orgasm. My husband is not immediately satisfied and I continuously fantasise about having two men inside

start and proceed in a condom! Everyone started to laugh and I felt very angry.

Later they explained that it hadn't been planned like that. They just couldn't face the idea of rubbing their cock together and decided on a substitute. They were going to stick to the deception all the way. But could I resist making me look a bit? I don't say I forgive them. But all this is past. What I want to know is whether there is a therapy of doing this with two men? Are my friends extra funny, or is this the way men love?

J.H.  
Nureston

Speaking for myself - yuh! it's not just cocks, it's legs! Finding myself rubbing hairy



"I want to look at the man's underwear when you've finished drooping over the Black & Decker section"

me at once, two begins. I got the chicken when I considered such to, can it with-swinging club (well, I got my friend. I want to persuade him actually like it a shewer and he is just crazy about his leg (as). At the club it is usual for a couple to put on a sort of sex show to get the others into the mood. And one evening I suggested that I have the two biggest cocks in the group.

It was a simple idea. The two men would meet close together. Their cocks (which) try the big knobby condom for sizes of course, with a few short battles on them so I could feel my thighs on a tiny stick. I intended to do some (short) leg.

It was all set up when I came out of the dressing room in just a short silk wrap. I threw it off, the boys lifted me up and laid me down, casually over the huge knobby pussy-stroker.

Oh, it was heaven! I was so big I had to take it deliberately by parachute, but the boys were wonderfully careful and at last it had it all inside me and started to churn on it, (shouting) and wringing with joy.

That was when the two bastards got up and walked away, leaving me riding what I afterwards found out to be a cucumber stuck in a hole in the

right with my last thrust and my few-second career in one frantic leap from the bed, so I'm no expert. Heavens! ideas are welcome - Ed

### Liberation Babbled

Sir: I read with great sympathy the letter in Men Only Vol 66 No 3 from a man who incubating an ostrich egg awake to find it had hatched and the chick had thrust its head up his arse!

I too, am in this predicament and so, I'm sure, are many more (including members of Government, to judge by their silence).

So I am joining the DISTRICT LIBERATION DEMAND to fight for the rights of people like us.

We live human beings, too, and demand to be treated as such. At present we are discriminated against (the words that women and minority groups) in matters of social life and employment. Which bank ever offered a job to a man with an orchid up his bum?

We will not stand for it. We are not as people think, able to be made figures of fun.

A.L.  
Apple

Oh yes you are! - Ed (g)





## YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor,

Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Anchor Street, London W1V 7HE

### SHAMEFUL CARRY-ON

I should be ashamed of myself, a married woman of 30 carrying on like a promiscuous 18-year-old. But I'm so crazy about my lover and the wonderfully dirty things he does to me between the sheets. I've no inhibition at giving him up. Last night, for instance, he didn't pull out quickly enough while I was sucking him, and he filled my mouth. He apologised and reached for a tissue, but I dismissed his offer as he my fingertips and managed to take my orgasm.

Just phoned, called me a 'bitch' and went down on me. I 'pleased' my husband while he was doing

it, saying I was with a girlfriend and wouldn't be home all night.

"You sound strange," my husband said.

"I'm fine," I said, running my fingers through Jon's hair as he licked my clit. "Just wonderful!"

It all started on the night of my birthday. My husband took me to dinner and, being slightly drunk, I took to flirting with the greasy cheap restaurant manager, making eyes at him when Robert was unseated to the other flat. Then, when I went to the ladies, the guy followed me in and I scowled my wilful 'please' number on the pilot of his hand. He put his hand up my skirt and pulled my pussy all his way to my pussy. Two nights later we were

in each other's arms.

Jon took the night off work, just to be with me. Telling my husband I was going out on a business night with some girls from the office, I set out for my dear in the airport, righted skirt in my underwire, my highest heels, my scandalous white stockings, knickers and suspender belt.

It was a hot evening and I got stuck in traffic. I was so frustrated, wanting just everything that tickled the wheel of my car. I licked up my skirt, spread my legs and frigged myself. God, how it tasted like.

It was incredibly exciting, that first evening with Jon. He was so getting in his way to get into my knickers, I could feel him

twisting as he entered me, shoving them in the back, pushing his hands all over me as we copulated. He reached behind me and pinched my skirt up over my bottom, and I ground my crotch into his as his fingers found their way inside my tight, white pants and in between my buttocks.

There was no time for small talk. Jon was so big between the legs I had to leave him inside me. In his bedroom, I got down on my knees and suckled his breasts. His penis was so big and hard. He loved penetration by all three of his hands from the mid-thigh of his boxer shorts, and each was the power of his erection. I had literally to push it

away from his belly in order to get his hands into my mouth. Jon perfectly understood my desires, slipping his fingers inside my legs, up and over using my nipples. I consciously made a game of my blow job, making vulgar grunting sounds and dripping like crazy. Several I was doing too good a job... Jon begged me to come to bed — and to leave my single white panties on.

I collapsed on a mound of silk pillows, spread my legs and almost recoiled when I looked up and saw him standing over me, all forth and naked, leaning over his bulging great cock with his hands. I groined with pleasure and pulled my pants aside to have my wet, gapping area.

"You'll better give me some of that," I said, reaching for the knob. "I got the feeling you're going to give me a very hard time."

It was the most lustfully enjoyable preheating exhibition I've ever given. If truth be known, I wanted Jon a rock in my pussy even more than he needed it for it to me, it was as hot for him. Reaching my knuckles to one side, I spread my knuckles over my clitoris slowly, in circles — then I spread my palms and lubricated my little passage with those sticky fingers.

Then he was on me, ripping my change knickers off (G) down the daisy and clambering between my stretched thighs. Having kept my pussy on for some effort, I deliberately dug my knuckle into his stiff shaft. The



confused, feeling my vaginal muscles tremor, his surprising shaft. "It keeps you're going to make it worth my while..."

"You're disgusting, you know that?" Jon roared, as it started my stiff with his cock embedded deep in my honey. I giggled, lifted my little out of my trousers, and craned my neck to lick my nipples. It was all too much for Jon, knew him.

And with the trophy displayed with the back, heavy fucking came next, Jon clinging to my hips like the proverbial like handclasp and clamping his sticky penis in and out of me. I spread my legs still wider and fucked my hips

powerful because, my cunt completely trapped by his pulsating penis.

Eventually, drained of every last drop of life fluid, Jon released his grip and I collapsed on to the tipped silk sheets like a rag doll, utterly satiated.

***I was so frustrated, wanting good screwing three behind the wheel of my car, I hiked up my skirt, spread my legs and tripped myself. God, how I wanted him.***



when I spread my legs for him, the bigger the hole.

"You idiot!" he shouted, grasping his cock and snatching his hands all around the contours of an obscenely slippery cunt. "It's back your new oil for that!"

Lubricated as it was, Jon's member felt snugly colored inside me. I dug my fingers into his tail like him and whimpered as he started his cock up me to the full, his big, velvet balls resting against my bottom.

"It's the first time I've committed adultery," I

"Get on your hands and knees, you fucking idiot!" he panted, whipping away his member, glancing back and ogling my arse. "Oh boy, am I going to give it to you, young lady!"

I admired the way Jon used my buttocks as a platform and placed his teeth between my heels. With my knees up and my ass in the air, I slipped forward and rested my head on the pillows.

"I've been naughty. Punish me!" I groined, feeling his teeth poised at the brink. "Don't stop till you're vomit."

Like it goes down, clearing the sheets and using him to plug me harder — and harder still.

I cried out loud as my uterus welled within me — but Jon had no intention of letting me shoo him away in the waves of pleasure which rippled through my loins. Instead, he held me hard against him with his

And my treatment? Heber's is expressed in his work, he hardly notices me melting. Sometimes I wish he'd do the things possessive husbands do — check my knickers, kiss them — because I respond very well to harsh, dominating treatment. As Jon would tell you.

*Annexa, What's Next?*





## PUTTING IT ABOUT

My girlfriend Rita told I was crazy, going away for a whole week with all those boys. I told her not to be so silly.

"It's not as if they're going to gangbang me or anything," I said, not telling her about the

old Rita, seeing the gang/bro outside to my eye. "Knowing you, you'll let that fat one suck it out so you can get it."

"Well, why not? You're only young and not, besides, I'd been without a regular boyfriend for weeks and I was missing my regular suckle."

The boys were in all — were spent instructions from our local house center. They'd cradled together to find a huge climax. Some of us stayed for a week. Remember my experience on a "terrible back," they looked me up — jokingly, in fact. I think they were rather taken aback when I accepted.

The boys were not all. The very first night, they got me placed on my back and I did a surprise for them on the huge oak refectory table in the hall. I took my time and pushed my G string right against my pussy, but when the music stopped and I bent down to pick up my chin, Jimmy piped up. "You're not going to stop there are you, Shirley?"

"Why, what are you after?" I asked — as if I didn't know. He dipped his fingers in his hair and scratched up and scratched and

licked all around the back of my thighs, licking my bottom and my clitoris and generally giving me in a right old time.

"You've got a lovely pair of tits on you," said Jimmy, gently squeezing my nipples.

"And I love you so you've got a lovely prick on you," I replied, avoiding the master bulge in his jeans. "There's about you and me giving the hole an exhibition? I think they'll like that."

I stepped out of my jeans and sat on the edge of the big oak table with my legs spread, Jimmy positioned himself between my knees, his prick on me and his jeans concealing it around his ankles.

"What is, you told" he snuggled on his gawking mouth, sucking my jeans while I let his head the head of his cock into my very pussy. "You're making my concentration!"

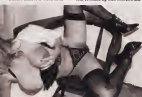
"Give it to her, Jim," whispered his brother, Bobby, as he closed his prick up me, at which point another lady had popped up on the table beside me and popped his pretty little prick in my mouth.

I was really in my element — full of chick and lying flat on my back — and I felt just like a girl in a porn video lane of the really tacky ones where the remaining three boys clambered out of their clothes and stood around staring at Jimmy and me, sucking their soft pricks and watching their men. They all had me — all five of them — as indeed I had them again later, closing mine, in a really very single day of our country house holiday. My girlfriend Rita knows what happened and hasn't spoken to me since, but that's exactly what I'll expect from the likes of her. Even so, I loved her, without her, then I let nobody tell to show off.

Shirley, Northampton.



moaned like milkings, strange and sticky things twisted softly from the already packed. "I don't believe a word of it."



between my legs, making my little back to make loudly transparent.

"You!" someone else shouted, "Give us a few too damn. Thank!"

"Get me my vibrator from the bedroom then," I said, pulling my G-string aside and forcing my pussy to a column of shame.

"You want it like? You Shirley's what you're going to get."

I got down off the table and sat on the back of a tall leather back chair. Jimmy came standing down the stairs with my vibrator, which I switched on, slipped in his bare (once recalled) and applied it to my hot spot. It felt incredible — and more incredible still, with the point of eyes focused on my thighs.

But they were, I caught with me, my lovely hole. They stood around me, sucking my breasts, licking my bottom and all around my pussy where the vibrator was embedded. I shuddered in uncontrolled delight as one of them got down on his knees behind me and





#### IF YOU CAN'T SWEET 'EM

It was such a filthy photo, it gave me quite a turn. But that is to say not to be confused with turn on. Yes, I was actually shocked! There I was, being the good little wife, emptying the pockets of Gerry's blazer before taking it to the dry cleaner, when I came across outrageous Pantalone which had slipped down inside the lining. There was no mistaking my husband, lying naked on a

mattress with a big grin on his face, having his work undone by a girl wearing what appeared to be a black rubber mask. A girl I immediately recognized as one of the fellow teachers at the hotel: a girl who'd come to the house on more than a few occasions, drinking my cocktails and eating my steak and salmon. The absolute fucking cunt!

Embarrassed at not being able to contact her by all means, due to his being in conference, I found her address and phone number in

Gerry's desk diary. I phoned her at home to check what was in, hung up the phone — and jumped straight into the car.

"It was just a one-night stand," she said, standing at the door of her back lawn house, protesting but modestly with a blush. "I'm sorry, really I am. Won't you come in for a coffee?"

It was easy to see why Gerry liked her. She looked like a statue. Kalina started, what with her silver-streaked hair and black stockings. As I sat — sorry, left on



my own lap — in her legs she returned from the kitchen with the prettiest coffee, and let the bath towel fall to the floor. Kalina was now a girl with sandals, with no braided underwear!

"Sorry about that, I thought you were the postman or something," she said, as though answering the door instead of a true friend who was perfectly aware "It might interest you to know:" she continued, preening herself on the arm of my chair. "Gerry talked about you all the time — even when he was taking my pussy."

Yes, it was obvious why my husband had fallen for Kalina who was not only pretty, but desperately overrated. Just because of my husband's lies I had not known what she and Gerry had got up to, I didn't think when she looked over and winked at my leg, nor



# P R I V A T E P A R T S

when she unlocked my lips and rolled my wrist clockwise between her fingers, one even when she pulled my vibrator and put her hand on my chest.

"I've got mean photos," she said, slipping her middle finger inside my jeans and caressing my vibrator. "Would you like to see?"

Slumping up on the sofa in her high heels, Vicki rose regal and on the top shelf of her bookcase. Then she doubled they would lie at the bottom shelf, which gave her the opportunity she'd been seeking to bend them and thrust her gorgeous bottom.

"Vicki," I said, looking a bit of jealous (just on my inner thigh). "If you want to look me, that's fine - but spare me the dirty photos."

Vicki got down off the sofa and sat facing me with her heavily tinged legs apart. She lowered the shoulder straps of her corset, leaving her breasts.

"You're gorgeous," she said. "But your things off and come to bed."

I hadn't had another girl alone college days, but Vicki was certainly one of the few I'd been missing. We lay there awhile in



each of her's arms, kissing and two-fingering each other's tunics. She felt tight inside - rather tighter than me - and I shuddered with pleasure as I pushed her, imagining the far-away must have had between these thighs.

"Go away to the '87!" she yelled and, without waiting for an answer, Vicki revolved round and laid beside my face. She was perfumed, varnished and her

pussy was like a spit, ripe peach, gushing down the chain mail of black pubes. She buried her face between my thighs, feverishly sucking my clit, and I reached for her hips and pulled her one in line with my mouth, breathing her perfume. In trying to sit still, I suddenly was more on edge, bent to my neck, but, if only Gerry and I could have had her to punish the new waiting for me when I

got home. He looked very uncomfortable.

"I know where you've been," he said. "Not content with molesting me, I gather she's had you too. So where do we go from here?"

"To her place on Friday night," I

remembered when I joined the party, thinking her gift with one hand, watching her husband's slippery job with the other. Then I positioned myself in front of Vicki, legs spread wide to enable her to lick my pussy while

**It's not every woman can sit and watch her husband be unfaithful in front of her - let alone find it a steamingly sexy spectacle worthy of masturbation.**

explained, cooed. "Wick wants to make sounds by licking an 8-ball."

"I want a drink," was Gerry's cross reply (her looks, mine said).

On the face of things, it was just a dinner invitation. Vicki smiled, just like me, I got the ball rolling during dessert, opening her blouse and spreading chocolate sauce over her tits. I sat on her lap and kissed them often, and I was so scared away, I didn't notice Gerry disappear under the table. All this while my shirt was on around my hips and his lovely face between my thighs. He thrust his sex wide open and fucked me with his tongue, and Vicki, fascinated by my hand display, made my chest feel so full he felt better off in bed.

It's not every woman can sit and watch her husband be unfaithful in front of her - let alone find it a steamingly sexy spectacle worthy of masturbation. But watching Gerry shove his enormous cock in and out of Vicki's hot little pussy in the single position was so

sexy looked her than the rest. But through all this was occasional, just out of this world, and we're all there of an dying to get it together again.

Pauline Keweenaw



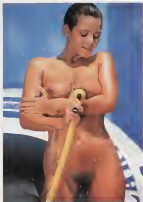




# Splash

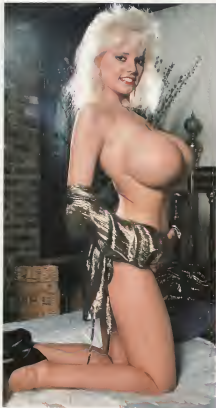
Photographs by Alan Taniguchi













# TINA

Photographs by John Graham





The real story of Time, the 44-24-36 girl who is unlikely enough to come from the Peak District. I mean because of all the jokes she's lambered with – like being the buxom lass from Buxton who makes the Peaks look flat, and so on and so on . . .), really touched the anatomy of our readers. All these remarks about her ginormous tits (which make the Peaks look flat) kept her in her house (from sheer embarrassment). Her psychiatrist suggested she pose for Men Only to see whether men found her a joke or not. Well, the resultant deluge of letters praising her to the heavens has cured her, all right. Now she's never in. And now are her tits flapping their around the shore, apparently yelling "getstuffedoffthese!" Her psychiatrist has suggested she pose for Men Only again. Why? Seems he's taking the pictures! (2)



